The Palmer Sentinel.

A Business and Family Newspaper---Independent in Politics and Religion---Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Sciences, Literature and General Intelligence.

VOLUME I. PALMER DEPOT, MASS., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1846. NUMBER 49.

THE SENTINEL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
F. P. Whittemore & R. A. Tenney,
No. 1, McGilvray's Block, up stairs, Main St.,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Terms---$1.25 a year in advance.
$1.50 at the end of three months.—$1 75 at the end of the year.—Single Copies three cents.

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SELECTED TALES.

HEART HISTORIES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I say, Grace," said my friend, Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well; she comes wouderfully near angelhood; but then she wants something—I scarcely know what, but *something*. Does she not lack feeling?"

"You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is all *feeling*."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface, too foamy and frothy—there is no still unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoard of passionate feeling—it is all in small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, half piqued by her want of penetration, "Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for strong, concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she will develope gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvellous strength and beauty, and our eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind and soul, it was my sweet cousin, Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy-like child of ten summers, an orphan. Her father had died while she was a mere infant, and when his widow, after a few darkened years, was about to follow him, she tendely bequeathed her sole earthly treasure to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well beloved.

Cousin Nelly found a home, indeed.—She was the pet and idol of the household. Our father indulged her, and our mother seemed to feel for her a peculiar tenderness, yet we young folks were never jealous. We saw her growing up surpassingly beautiful, yet we never envied her.—There was a magnetism in her loveliness which drew our hearts to hers and fastened them there. At no time of my life have I seen a character so freshly, so dewyly natural as hers—one that so turned itself out to the sunlight, was so transparent in its perfect simplicity. She positively could not comprehend the artificial rules of propriety teachers—what she termed the stupid, meaningless laws which oppress modern society. Perhaps it would have been wise in us to have preached to her on the danger of thus remaining as God had made her—to have counselled her to conform to the regulations of fashion. Our weakness in failing to do this may have cost her some heart-aches.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of the village. Generous, amiable and lighthearted, she rapidly won the earnest regard of all. And she was a most indefatigable hoarder up of affection; bee-like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tender and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart which seemed to open fully to all was yet but a half unclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the angel of love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen that the heir of the Grahame property, Mr James Stuart Grahame, (I give his name in full as he always wrote it) burst upon us in sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and sisters, he had now come down to have the grand old mansion made inhabitable as a summer residence. Young, rich, handsome, and haughty, his advent naturally stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was a May party that he first met with us. He was certainly what romantic young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, besides being

> "Perfect in form and feature,
> And so divinely tall;"

but then he had a cold, condescending way with him—a manner I always feel myself called upon to resent—and one could see at a glance that he was as proud as the fallen "son of the morning." I afterwards found out that like a true Scot, this pride was his distinguished trait and ruling passion; it was within, around him, and emanated from him in all directions.

Nelly was our queen, and never shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance, in all her grace, gaiety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame. He gazed awhile with eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious, travelled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very schoolboy, and timidly kissing the rose-tipped fingers of our laughing little Nell. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of Her Majesty, *pro tem.* fixed with evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was all over with him—that he could do nothing less than to haul down colors and surrender to Commodore Cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But what availed my wishes! All budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the adorer, and Grahame the affianced of our darling Cousin Ellen!

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed, and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M———. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen. And she, how gloriously, the woman awoke within her! How she trusted in him—how she cared for him—how proud she was of him—how she doated on treasuring up his lightest words. How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship. Yet she loved him familiarly; she sang, and danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful and joyous existence seemed so intertwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much "pomp and circumstance," the female part of the family of Grahame came to M———. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable. What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was superciliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs they assumed toward Ellen. Dear girl! it was the first time I had ever seen her painfully embarrassed. The very atmosphere seemed to oppress her. Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things, and some, it must be confessed, more distinguished for *naivette* than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned began warmly praising him out of the fulness of her innocent little heart. But the old mother looked solemn, Miss Euphenia prudish, and Miss Margaret gigled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to win the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a sufficiency of coldness and formality, and *queen it* in her turn. But no; she had such a holy faith in love; she would subdue them with kindness; she would wind herself into their hearts, and they *must* love her yet. I then suggested that she should endeavor to conceal her partiality for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counselled a wild rose to hide her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself in a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once thrilled his heart with proud pleasure.

Finally, Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at "Grahame Place." She returned before the visit was completed, sad and ill. I questioned her, and she said she had never so felt that she was an ignorant country girl; that she found she could not sing and play Italian like Miss Euphemia, nor speak French and paint in oils like Miss Margaret.—"And then," said she, while her face grew crimson, I was dressed as plain."

"But surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you feel this? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful?"

"But James—how was he?"

She threw herself on my breast with a gush of tears, and murmured—"He was like the others."

At last she told of many things he had said and done which had cruelly grieved her heart. One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return, an excursion on horseback was planned, and Grahame collected a considerable party.

While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine-blooded animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. Grahame was but slightly hurt, but dreading the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment as though insensible. Ellen, half-frenzied, sprang from her palfrey, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temples and called upon him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, poured upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, and exclaimed in a harsh under tone—"Good God! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and *me* ridiculous!"

In the afternoon Ellen pleaded illness and came home.

Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love, she received him. In a short time I saw him pass down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands, and the long golden curls which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words; all night long she wept and moaned within my arms, and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me, and said meekly—"How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated, forsaken girl."

"*Forsaken!*" I exclaimed. "Has James Grahame *dared* to forsake you?"

"He said we had better part—that he was convinced we were not suited for one another, and he has left me forever."

"And thank God for it!" I cried, "my dove, my lamb, my rosebud, my everything that is good and gentle and loveable! Grahame was never worthy of you—he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his narrow, little soul. Pride *only, like a moaning devil,* ruled there.—If he thought less of you for being portionless, let him now see with how *rich* a scorn you can look down on one poor in heart and poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as the embodiment of faithlessness and refined cruelty. Let him shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of a proud and injured woman!"

She looked up mournfully for a moment and only replied—"*I love him!*"

Such brief and child-like answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride and attempts to rouse her resentful feeling. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she could never be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by young ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen—she was but a meek, loving, constant, childlike woman.

All through the winter our beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but a mere shadow of her former self.—Then came a new era in her existence.—An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his "little unknown neice," entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus "make glad the house and heart of a lonely old man."

She went, and two years passed before we saw her face again. She then came to spend the summer with us—the same and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full, ripened loveliness, with the patrician carriage of her exquisitely moulded head, the serene dignity which looked from her eye, and the winning softness which waited on every curl and curve of her delicate lips! She had none of her former restless thoughtfulness; the very spirit of *repose* seemed pervading her entire character. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intonated.—She laughed in a quiet, musical, lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence she had been the idol of her city relatives and the followed and worshipped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman met again the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother and married his sisters, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party, evidently not dreaming of such an encounter till the hostess electrified him by an introduction to his *ci-devant* lady-love. He turned deathly pale, and actually shook with agitation; but Ellen never lost her quietness for a moment, her eye never quailed, and the hand which she extended while remarking carelessly that they were old friends, never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck and instantly subdued by the rare combination of natural and artificial fascinations which she presented. He hovered round and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich lace and pearls, harmonizing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty.

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school-boy who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance; how Ellen, tho' she did not positively encourage, *did not frown on* him, till it was evident that he loved with all his soul, and for once with all his *pride*. He had *fancied* our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now *adored* the elegant, perfectly developed woman as a goddess.—He was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence—for I would sooner have seen her wedded to a wild Seminole than the courtly wife of the master of thousands. At last with the freedom of other days I entreated her to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter, to which she had just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed and spell-bound by an elegant outpouring of strong and intense feeling. It clearly revealed that under the influence of real passion, the writer had found his better nature—*had expanded into a man.* He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwelt on the remorse which had pursued him since their parting, alluded to *the interference of his family*, acknowledged that he had first loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, yet called heaven to witness that he had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked.

"*I rejected him.*"

"Thank Heaven! But why?"

She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying—"*This* is the only man I will ever wed."

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking it exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessed an inner set of features, of surpassing beauty, *shining through.* A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emenate from it; the brow wore the stamp of nobility and the eye was alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell," I exclaimed, "who *can* this be?"

"Mr Frederick Aymes of Boston, a poor artist and *protege* of my uncle, and soon to be my affianced husband.

"Ah, why is he not now?"

"I wished to remain free till I had consulted my early friends, as I told him—until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told *myself.*"

"Oh, ho, the mystery is out! You were weighing love against love, and the first was found wanting, eh?"

"Yes," she replied with an emphasis so hearty as to leave no room to doubt; "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves, on ivory; he painted it a whole year ago."

When I awoke next morning, a delightful one in June, Nelly had risen, and was writing by the window. She wore a morning dress, white as new fallen snow—one sleeve unfostened a the wrist, displayed her round arm to the dimpled elbow; her hair was tossed carelessly back from her brow, and lightly into at crimson cushion sunk her little unslippered feet.—I knew by the dewyness of her eye and the deepened glow of her cheek and lips, to whom she was writing. And then, with the beautiful impulse of a loving heart, she had gathered some half opened roses from the bush which clambered to our window, placed one in her bosom and laid a handful on the desk by her side.

One week from this time Ellen Montgomery received two letters: one was from James Stuart Grahame, bearing his adieus—he was about revisiting Europe—and the other from Frederick Aymes, announcing his speedy coming. The first Nelly hurried through and laid aside with a sigh of pity, but the second she read and re-read with tears and smiles, kissed, and literally "laid to heart."

In order to give my readers a glimpse into Frederick's character, I will quote some passages from his letter. In alluding to the miniature she sent, he said—"Heaven and all its good angels bless you for this faint shadow of yourself! I gazed on it long and fondly, but dared not press it to my lips. Was it not strange, dear love? You know I painted it before you took a fancy to your humble servant, and it seemed to wear a cold, calm, stranger look. But by-and-by a soft love-light seemed to quiver from the pictured eyes and live around the mouth, and then—and then! I have placed it now where every throb of my heart kisses it! Pardon if I write wildly; I am intoxicated with happiness and dizzy with 'love's divine excess.' Am I not thine, and art thou not mine, my pride, my princess, my Peri—ay and my paradise! Ah! how faintly and coldly my pen translates my heart! Gladly would I search through all the languages of the East for endearing words, for rare sweet names, all glowing with life and perfumed with the breath of love!—And yet Ellen, *my own Ellen* were sweeter, dearer, more deliciously musical than them all. That name! I have grown it in flowers in the garden of my heart; it is traced on my memory in lines of rosy light—it sounds through the chambers of my soul like the voice of an angel."

* * * * *

"Did you not say, Ellen," asked I, when she had read me the letter from which the above is extracted, "that Mr Aymes was poor?"

"Yes, she replied, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No—and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"But you cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; but coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floor with cheap, thin carpets."

"Ah, then I shall hear *his* step the sooner."

I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to her heart.

A Thanksgiving Story.

The cold November wind moaned drearily around Farmer Brown's large old-fashioned house, and the thickening snow flakes filled the air and were fast covering the brown earth with a white mantle.—The large barns, the granary and all the various buildings belonging to a snug establishment were in prim order for winter. Now let us take a peep inside.

The windows send out a cheerful light on the dreary prospect, and as we enter we hear the sound of merry voices and loud peals of laughter. It is Thanksgiving evening, and the family are at supper. Around that table groaning under the weight of good things, are seated the gray-haired old man, and his thrifty help mate; near him, are their children, five married daughters and three married sons, and the youngest daughter unmarried, the pet and plaything of old and young was this Aunt Mary, she is just twenty and sweet as a rose-bud; scattered around by their respective parents are little children with their faces full of health and smiles, looking as Dickens says like ripe pippins.

It is a happy meeting, this annual gathering at the old homestead, and tho' a shade of sadness sometimes flits across the face of the young mother as she thinks of the little one in the grave yard who was one of the brightest there a year before, she remembers there is to be a great family meeting hereafter, where all the lost ones will be found.

But supper is over, the table cleared away, and now for a frolic in the large kitchen; the boys may make as much noise as they please there, a blessed privilege at all times, but especially at Thanksgiving. All the games were gone thro' one by one, and merriest of all in that noisy group is little aunt Mary, she must play too, or all the fun is spoilt, so all the little ones say; now she is blind-folded, and again she is dodging a clumsy nephew as large as herself who is resolved on catching her.

Presently a rap is heard at the door, and as it was opened an old negro enquired the way to the village; the young folks had been wishing somebody could play the violin for them, so they could have a dance; accordingly after short whispered consultatin one of the older boys found out he guessed he could scrape out a few old tunes. So he was duly installed in the chimney corner, and after some refreshment being provided by thoughtful Grandma, the old fiddle was brought from its long resting place. On hearing the preliminary scrapings to a dance the older portion of the company repaired to the kitchen, without the least intention of dancing as they declared, but this fiddle did bring old times about so that they could not keep their feet still, so the music and the dancing and the chattering went merrily. The old folks looked on and talked lovingingly of the times when they were young; the old negro played his part finely, and though not gifted with the genius of Ole Bull, his audience were perfectly satisfied.

Presently, during a pause, the musician after one or two scrapes began playing Blue Eye'd Mary slowly and plaintively, whereupon little Aunt Mary turned pale and tears filled her eyes, but the rest were too busy to notice her agitation; as the noise of the children grew louder, and the older ones had gone back to the front room so they could hear themselves think, Mary stealthily crept up towards the corner where darkey sat; his form was bent, and the gray hairs frizzled out from under a slouching cap which nearly covered his face as well as his head; still he played on, and as Mary stood there, her hands clasped, and her soul in her sorrowful face the old man raised his head, and in a low voice which thrilled through that sweet girl's heart, he uttered her name; she stirred not or spoke, but seemed rooted there in surprise. Mary, don't you know me, said he, and she was clasped to the bosom of her long lost lover; whereupon the little ones seeing their aunt in the arms of the fiddler began screaming, and their parents came running out to see what was the matter. It is Robert Murray, father, said Mary, disengaging herself and blushing to the temples, it is Robert come home again; the old man slowly lowered his cane, and the young man threw off his fixins, and stood before them a well dressed handsome young man; of course all were in amaze and the exclamations of the older and the titterings of the younger ones were very abundant.

As soon as Robert could get a chance, he explained himself—told how he and Mary had loved each other and she had coquetted, and he ran off in a passion and went to sea, how she had written a letter which after much travelling found him, telling him she was sorry and imploring him to come back, and he had come after a three years' absence, and risked his neck to be there on Thanksgiving evening; how he had played that song because he used to call her his blue eye'd Mary and had taken this way to find out whether she was still faithful, now he had come home to carry on the farm his father had left him, and he wanted Mary to help him if Farmer Brown would give his consent, which consent was not withheld, as Bob was a great favorite in his younger days, and his father-in-law (that was to be) had always prophesied he would turn out something smart yet, which came to pass, for there is not a finer farm or a happier family in the country than Mr Robert Murray's. There is now a gathering every year at the old home, and though the descendants number about fifty, the old folks make room for all, and if there is one day in the year, more longed for than any other it is Thanksgiving, and those who know say that Mary Murray is as handsome as Mary Brown was at the same age and they hope she will find as good a husband.—*Springfield Gaz.*

Children of the Rich and Poor.

The children of the poor man, are far happier than those of the rich—especially their infantile years. The children of the poor man are taught to love, while those of the rich man learn to hate; and, even in later years: the principles are so fully developed as to be easily discovered. How plainly they are seen in the associations of marriage! The children of the rich seldom marry from love, or seek to imbibe any affection for those they wed, while those of the poor seldom—very seldom, wed from selfish motives. Were we to draw a line between the two classes, we should find a large balance of happiness on the side of the poor, and while we are eagerly pursuing riches, we are, at the same time, confident that the possession of wealth will diminish, instead of increasing our happiness. Those who bequeath to their children wealth, bequeath with it, in nine cases out of ten, misery.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Dec. 17, 1846.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—This State paper is too voluminous to give it a place in our columns; and we have only space to notice briefly one of the subject matters upon which it treats. After the usual congratulating exordiums, it gives a full, clear exposition of our affairs with Mexico—the reason of the war, and the probability of Peace. It shows in clear light the strongest points in favor of the course of our Government in carrying the War into Mexican territory. It shows that our Government has been of "long forbearance"—that it has submitted to outrages and insults from Mexico, which no other civilized nations on the face of the earth would have done as an offering to the principles of Peace. It presents a long series of outrages upon our Flag—of abuses and indignities upon our citizens. In our relations with Mexico it exhibits a calendar of infidelity and perfidy, only equalled by Mexican treachery, to the sanctity of their treaties; in a word, it shows a catalogue of wrongs committed upon our Government, that should unshield the sword of revenge, and cause the most peaceful government to avenge itself, clearly vindicating the course of our government in its determination to "Conquer Peace." The President gives as a reason that our government has so long borne the indignities as befitting a powerful magnanimous Republic towards a weaker contiguous sister Republic.

We hope all of our readers will read the message, as it will be in their reach, notwithstanding our inability to publish the same in our journal.

THE ALBANY HERALD.—It is seldom we advert to the course of political journals. An article in the Herald of Saturday, exclusively devoted to the condemnation of the President's Message, because it says,—

'The President has not even honored Gen. Taylor by giving his name a place in his message," and gives as a reason that the President is jealous of the superior reputation of the General. We merely mention the circumstance to show the ignorance of some political editors who presume to attempt to enlighten their readers upon political subjects. The truth in this case is, that President Polk, in his Message, made honorable mention of Gen. Taylor, by name, more than once, besides devoting nearly a column to the faithful and skillful performance of his duties, as Commander of our Army on the Rio Grande, showing exclusively that the Herald knew nothing of the contents of the Message, notwithstanding it had devoted several columns of condemnatory animadversions upon it. This is only an instance of the perversity of political editors in treating upon the acts of their opponents.

THE CHURCH AGAIN.—At a meeting of the Stockholders and Building Committee, for the erection of a Church in this Village, last Monday evening, the necessary stock to meet the probable accepted proposal was taken up. The Committee will now proceed to an execution of the power rested in them, and we shall in, reasonable time have the pleasure of congratulating our readers upon the erection, in our Village, of one of the most splendid Church Edifices in Hampden County.

The great Webster Dinner Tickets at Philadelphia were $5,00. The National Intelligencer says the table was loaded with the richest of viands and *costly wines*. Of course it was not on *temperance principles*. Webster, Ashmun and Winthrop from Massachusetts were there.

We received no invitation.

We have not room for the President's Message entire, so we make the following extracts:

After congratulating the House and Senate on the prosperity and happiness of the country, the President says:—

It is a source of high satisfaction to know that the relations of the United States of all other nations, with a single exception, are of the most amicable character. Sincerely attached to the policy of peace, early adopted and steadily pursued by the Government, I have anxiously desired to cultivate and cherish friendship and commerce with every foreign power. The spirit and habits of the American people are favorable to the maintenance of such international harmony.—In adhering to this wise policy, a preliminary and paramount duty obviously consists in the protection of our national interests from encroachment or sacrifice, and our national honor from reproach.—These must be maintained at any hazard. They admit of no compromise or neglect, and must be scrupulously and constantly guarded. In their vigilant vindication, collision and conflict with foreign powers may sometimes become unavoidable. Such has been our scrupulous adherence to the dictates of justice, in all our foreign intercourse, that, though steadily and rapidly advancing in prosperity and power, we have given no just cause of complaint to any nation, and have enjoyed the blessings of peace for more than thirty years. From a policy so sacred to humanity, and so salutary in its effects upon our political system, we should never be induced voluntarily to depart.

The existing war with Mexico was neither desired nor provoked by the United States. On the contrary, all honorable means were resorted to, to avert it.—After years of endurance of aggravated and unredressed wrongs on our part, Mexico, in violation of solemn treaty stipulations, and of every principle of justice recognized by civilized nations, commenced hostilities; and thus, by her own act, forced the war upon us. Long before the advance of our army to the left bank of the Rio Grande, we had ample cause of war against Mexico; and had the United States resorted to this extremity, we might have appealed to the whole civilized world for the justice of our cause.

I deem it to be my duty to present to you, on the present occasion, a condensed review of the injuries we had sustained, of the causes which led to the war, and of its progress since its commencement. This is rendered the more necessary because of the misapprehensions which have to some extent prevailed as to its origin and true character. The war has been represented as unjust and unnecessary, and as one of aggression on our part, upon a weak and injured enemy. Such erroneous views, though entertained by but few, have been widely and extensively circulated not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A more effectual means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus give them "aid and comfort."

* * * * *

He speaks of the treaty concluded between the United States and Texas for the annexation of Texas, and of the efforts made by him to avoid the war.

Santa Anna was then in exile, in Havana, having been expelled from power and banished from his country, a revolution which occurred in December '44; but it was known that he had still a considerable party in Mexico. It was also equally well known that no vigilance which could be exerted by our squadron, would, in all probability, have prevented him from effecting a landing somewhere on the extensive Gulf coast of Mexico, if he desired to return to his country. As had only professed an entire change of policy; and expressed his regret that he had subverted the Constitution of 1824, and avowed that he was now in favor of its restoration.—He had publicly declared his hostility, in the strongest terms, to the establishment of a monarchy, and to European interference in the affairs of his country.

Information to this effect, had been received from sources believed to be reliable, at the date of the reognition of the existence of the war by Congress, and was afterward fully confirmed by the receipt of the dispatch of our Consul in the city of Mexico, with the accompanying documents which are herewith transmitted.—Besides, it was reasonable to suppose that he must see the ruinous consequences to Mexico of a war with the United States, and that it would be his interest to favor peace.

It was under these circumstances and upon these considerations that it was deemed expedient not to obstruct his return to Mexico, should he attempt to do so. Our object was the restoration of peace; and with that view, no reason was perceived why we should not take part with Paredes, and aid him, by means of our blockade in preventing the return of his rival to Mexico.

* * * * *

While the war was in a course of vigorous and successful prosecution, being still anxious to arrest its evils, and considering that, after the brilliant victories of our arms on the 8th and 9th of May last, the national honor could not be compromitted by it, another overture was made to Mexico, by my direction, on the 27th of July last to terminate hostilities a peace just and honorable to both countries. On the 31st of August following, the Mexican Government declined to accept this friendly overture, but referred it to the decision of a Mexican Congress, to be assembled in the early part of the present month.

The war will continue to be prosecuted with vigor, as the best means of securing peace. It is hoped that the decision of the Mexican Congress, to which our last overture has been referred, may result in a speedy and honorable peace. With our experience, however, of the unreasonable course of the Mexican authorities, it is the part of wisdom not to relax in the energy of our military operations until the result is made known. In this view it is deemed important to hold military possession of all the provinces which have been taken, until a definite treaty of peace shall have been concluded and ratified by the two countries.

The war has not been waged with a view to conquest; but having been commenced by Mexico, it has been carried into the enemy's country, and will be vigorously prosecuted there, with a view to obtain an honorable peace, and thereby secure ample indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as to our much injured citizens, who hold large pecuniary demands against Mexico.

By the law of nations a conquered territory is subject to be governed by the conqueror during his military possession, and until there is either a treaty of peace, or he shall voluntarily withdraw from it. The old civil Government being necessarily supereceded it is the right and duty of the conqueror to secure his conquest, and to provide for the maintenance of civil orders and the rights of the inhabitants.—This right has been exercised, and this duty performed, by our military and naval commanders, by the establishment of temporary Governments in some of the conquered provinces in Mexico, assimilating them as far as practicable to the free institutions of our own country.

* * * * *

The receipts into the Treasury for the year ending June 13, last was: $29,199,247,06.

The expenditures for the the period were:— $28,031,114,20.

The balance in the Treasury July 1st, was:— $9,126,439,08.

He thinks the revenue of the new tariff will exceed that of the old one, and suggests to the consideration of Congress the propriety of imposing duties on some articles now embraced in the free list, as a war measure.

He concludes with the following paragraph:—

With full reliance upon the wisdom and patriotism of your deliberations, it will be my duty, as it will be my anxious desire, to cooperate with you in every constitutional effort to promote the welfare and maintain the honor of our common country. JAMES K. POLK.

We can vouch to the truth of the following, which we clip from the Northampton Democrat. It is headed

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Moon is bright,
Snow to-night,
Full of glee are we.
Prancing steeds,
Daring deeds,
Come O Come with me.
Laughing girls and gallant beaux
Very well together go;
Quick as light
In its flight,
O'er the plains we flee.
O'er the snow
Here we go,
Bounding merrily.

Right about,
Now we're out—
In the snow so deep.
Do not like
Such a fright—
Home again we'll creep.
Feet all wet and noses cold,
Now we fret and now we scold;
See it rain,
Home again,
Here we'll ever keep.
Never more
Catch this child to spree 't.

SLEIGHING.—We were visited on Thursday evening last with a snow storm sufficient to render the highways passable for sleighs, and the cold weather which succeeded and continues, is like to render it somewhat permanent. We hope it will be improved by the lively and gay, as there is no season better calculated to test the cohesive attraction of affection among lasses than a cold December, and on the occasion of a sleigh-ride in a star-lit, moonless night.

VOLUNTEERS.—Several companies have volunteered in Boston for the Mexican War. One under Edward Webster, Esq. son of Daniel Webster, another under Col. Isaac H. Wright, recently Navy Ag't at Boston. Honor to the brave hearts of the Massachusetts Volunteers.

The answer to the Enigma in our last is Intemperance. Correctly answered by D. S., W. R. P., and G. M. S., Palmer Depot; Mrs. L. H. Palmer.

Condensed for the Northampton Democrat,

Congressional Proceedings.

MONDAY, Dec. 7.

In the Senate,

For an hour before 12, the "How de do's" and "ha ha's" of the grave and reverend fathers of the Senate, kept up a merry chorus. "Ah! how de do? how de do?"—"Well, how's the old North State?" "Ah! hoo! hoo! h-o-o!" How's the Rackensack?" "How's Ohio?"

At a quarter past 12 (without prayers, there being no chaplain) the Vice President called the Senate to order. 41 Senators present, who were thus named and described by the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald:

Mr. Allen, tall and straight as Old Hickory.
Archer, just as tall, but slightly slimmer.
Atchison, pretty much of the same sort.
Atherton, about half the altitude.
Barrow, a solid, substantial planter.
Benton, "I am Sir Oracle."
Bagby, who has the reverend appearance of a priest.
Breese, who looks like him not in the least.
Calhoun, the eagle-eyed.
Cameron, the restorationist of '42.
Cass, a heavy edition of Ben Franklin.
Chalmers, a little package neatly done up.
Cilley, weather-worn like an old sailor.
T. Clayton, the silent man.
Colquitt, the exhorter.
Corwin, the dark-skinned wagoner.
Crittenden, the blade with two edgos.
Davis, the man of the last word.
Dickinson, the antagonist of Webster. Ready for another fight.
Dix, no man's adversary; but equal to the best.
Evans, with his figures glaring in his eye.
Fairfield, a little of a dyspeptic we fear.
Huntington, decidedly stolid.
Jarnagin, looking pretty well recuperated.
Johnson of La., a very good natured man.
Johnson of Md., short and rugged and quick.
Lewis, the powerful and the ponderous, 540.
Mangum, the superb.
Miller, a quiet, little, black-eyed personage.
Pearce, a hearty specimen of a good conscience.
Pennybacker, solemn as a copy of Blackstone.
Phelps, taking a little more black snuff.
Semple, reading over Gilpin's report on Oregon.
Sevier, laughing and growing fat, as usual.
Speight, with an eye to business.
Sturgeon, fixed as if for a nap.
Turney, looking curiously around, as if something was wrong.
Upham, satisfied, no matter how it goes.
Webster, looming out like a thunder cloud.
Westcott, eyeing the Vice President, as if to say it wont do, Mr. Dallas.
Woodbridge, a clear-headed, inoffensive, elderly gentleman.
Yulee, pleasant as the sunshine.

And there comes Mr. Ashley, our elegant man, with a silvery full suit of hair.

Add to those the Vice President, with his snowy pow, and take them all together, you have a body of men indicative of intellect, hard labor, severe study and sturdy patriotism.

Each Senator was allowed newspapers equal to the cost of three daily papers.

A committee was appointed, who waited upon the President and reported that he would communicate with both Houses by Message to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

In the House,

The Speaker called to order at 12 o'clock, 182 members present. The following new members were qualified:—Hale, of Mass.; Ripley, of N. Y.; McDaniel, of Missouri; and Cottrel and Bowen of Ala.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8.

In the Senate,

The message was read, occupying two hours and ten minutes. 5000 copies ordered printed.

In the House.

After reading of the Message, a bill was introduced to increase the pay of the privates of the army and of the volunteers, engaged in the Mexican war.

Notices of intention to present bills—among them one to reduce the price of the Public Lands—were given by members.

15,000 copies of the Message with accompanying documents, were ordered printed.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9.

In the Senate,

The Secretary of the Treasury's report was presented and 5000 extra copies ordered printed.

Mr. Cameron of Pa., offered a resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers serving in the present war, and also increasing their pay.

In the House,

Mr. Davis' resolution calling on the President for copies of all orders to generals or commanders relative to the establishment of civil governments in territories conquered during the war was discussed.—Mr. Douglass of Ill., invited a full investigation of the conduct of the Executive.—If Mr. D.—if the opposition contemplated *impeachment*, they would have full latitude. The President's conduct was open to the inspection of the world. In ordering the establishment of temporary governments in conquered territories, he had only performed the solemn duty required of him by his oath of office and the law of nations.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10.

In the Senate,

The resolution ordering inquiry into the expediency of granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers, increasing pay, &c. was adopted.

In the House,

Mr. Davis' resolution was further discussed.

Both Houses adjourned to Monday.

There was great excitement at Petersham on Friday last, in consequence of an attempt made to remove the bell of the Universalist church. The bell was attached by Sheriff Clifford some time since, to pay the minister's fees, and sold on execution, and the excitement was caused by the purchaser's attempting to take possession and carry it away. It appears that the purchaser went to the church and unhung the bell, but could get no assistance in taking it down, and was obliged to come to Barre for help. When he returned, the church was locked and the keeper refused to deliver the key, whereupon a man climbed the lightning rod, and by the assistance of a rope he carried up, such arrangements were made as to lower down the bell on the outside, which was speedily done. No sooner was the bell on the ground than Sheriff Willard attached it on a writ of replevin, and after the necessary bonds were entered into, carried it back into the church. We understand that more than a hundred people were assembled, some of whom, armed with pitchforks, &c., and led on by a *justice of the peace*, whose name we forbear to mention at present, offered resistance to the officer who sold the bell, and who was on the ground to make the delivery. A fire engine was also procured by the "law and order" party, to drive Sheriff Clifford and *posse* from their work, but being out of repair, it could not be used.

We regret, in performing our duty as editor, to chronicle such things as having transpired in the goodly town of Petersham, and have charity to suppose that what resistance was offered, was made through ignorance of the requirements of the law and its penalties; for whichever party was in the right, lawful means only should have been resorted to, to obtain redress.—*Barre Pat.*

The Tazewell (Ill.) Whig has the following capital advice and we commend it to our readers:

No man who has a family of children should neglect to take a newspaper. It creates a desire for reading, a thirst for knowledge. The satisfaction of knowing what is going on in the world, of keeping up with the times, as the phrase is, must be exceedingly gratifying as well as instructing. We would as soon part with our *coffee*, as to lose the pleasure of perusing some newspapers we have taken for years. We can have no patience with men, who when asked to take a newspaper, reply "we shoul like to take a paper. I like to read the news, and so do my children, but I really can't afford it." At the same time these very men, are expending money with freedom, for whiskey, cigars, tobacco and other articles of less use continually. Our paper costs in advance but three cents per week. *There is not a man in the county, be he ever so poor, but if he has the will, can afford to take it.* If our paper does not suit the great variety of tastes to be found in our county, why take some other, but by all means take some good family newspaper, and our word for it, it never will be regretted.

BRAZILIAN MONKEYS.—Mr Campbell, the traveler, relates the following anecdote:

"As I was passing through the woods of Brazil, I saw a shining black money, called the preacher, with bright eyes, round ears, and a round beard under his chin and throat, sitting at the top of a tree, while a swarm of monkeys sat below him. He sat up a most frightful howling, and then, after a pause of some time gave a signal to the rest, who all began to howl together. The monkey at the top, made another sign for them to be silent, and began again, in his turn, to howl by himself. This was continued till the party I was with, being tired, fired a few shots among them; the party broke up, and such a confusion, and leaping, and scampering, I never saw before."

WESTERN RAILROAD DIVIDEND.—The Directors of the Western Railroad Co., have declared a dividend of $3 per share on the earnings of the five months ending Nov. 30, payable on the 1st of January to holders of stocks on the 15th of December. This is at the rate of 7 1-4 per cent. per annum, and leaves a very large surplus.—Three dividends have been declared in ten months, viz: one in March, one in August, and the present one.

An English provincial paper has an advertisement for "*two* apprentices who will be treated as *one* of the family.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

"If you had always avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbor, "your early habits of industry and intellectual abilities would have placed you in any station, and you would now ride in your own carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the baccanal, "you would have been my driver."

A Frenchman having heard a gentleman make use of the expression, "it strikes me forcibly," and not being very well acquainted with the parlance of John Bull, shortly afterwards introduced the same expression thus in conversion—"It do knock me very hard dat dis is de reason," &c.

Terror dwells amid the works of man, not amid the works of nature. We tremble beside the tomb—we shrink beneath the icy vapor of the charnal-house—the foot walks unsteadily over the stone placed above the dead; but the green grass and dewy flowers create no fear.

"John," said a wife to her spouse, 'what on earth possibly can induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene."—"Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you, but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of *snuffers*."

A gentleman conversing with an Irishman stated that he had seen a telescope with which he could see rocks in the moon. "Arrah, said Pat, 'an' was it not my own father that had a telescope which would bring a pig so near you could see him five miles off, an' faith, an' you could hear him grunt too."

"What have you been doing to the gas-light?" asked Reuben,—the room was lighted by gas.

"Duin' to the *gas*-light?—I aint been duin' nothin' to it, only to *blow it out!*"

"Nuff said, *by thunder!*" replied Reuben, and he turned off the gas and sloped.

At a concert recently given by Duffield, in New Orleans, a slight huskiness was perceptible in Mr. Duffield's voice, while he was singing a difficult passage in one of his songs. Somebody observed that he ought to get a 'squeeze of a lemon' to clear his throat, when a wag in the room immediately replied, 'yes, he ought; that's what I call lemon-aid (ade.) That is what *we* called a *concerted* pun.

The following epitaph is written upon a tomb-stone in England:—

Here lies the collier, John of Nashes,
By whom death nothing gained, *he swore;*
For living, he was *dust* and *ashes*,
And being dead he is *no more*.

Mr. Jordan cross-examining Mrs. Taylor, one of the witnesses in the case of Polly Bodine, in trying to extract from her a confession that she was easily frightened, asked her if she did not recollect being scared at the braying of a jackass.—The witness looking him full in the face, tartly replied: "No, I am never frightened at a *jackass*."

The generality of wooers seem to have an impression that the roads to a woman's hear: are three; through her eyes, her ears, and down her throat; for which reason they dress for her, say sweet things to her, and treat her to sweet things.

"Hallo, Jim, what are you doing with that poor dog? His yells are enough to break the heart of a horse block."

The following is from the pen of a popular author: 'O! what more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart, than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl? Let him tremble, as accursed both of God and man, if he has sought to turn her devotion into shame and wretchedness.'

"I speak as I feel," returned Clifford; "were the woman I love suffering in poverty I would beg with her, if I could not relieve her through injustice I would defend her; from unkindness I would protect her; and if the world forsook her, I would be to her the world."

Some one says of a certain congregation, that they *pray* on their knees on Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

Do you believe in a *future state?* inquired a judge of a witness.

"Certainly; haven't I been all through Iowa?" was the answer.

A female without decision of character, is the most fickle being in the world, and the most to be pitied.

"A splendid triumph of science," said Mr. Muggins to his wife; "a Mr. Hartford has given a boy a new lip, which he took from his cheek." "That's nothing, pa; I saw a doctor take two from our Patty' cheek, the other day, and the operation didn't seem to be painful either."

In the list of articles to which premiums were awarded at the Lewis County Fair lately, is the following: "*Best comforter*, Miss Harriet Sheldon."

Pay the printer when you want exercise.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Just as Mr. Benjamin Sykes of Ludlow, had started with a horse and buggy, to cross the track of the Western Railroad, near the "Five Mile House," so called in this town, yesterday morning, the steamboat train for New York came along; the Locomotive struck the horse with much violence, killing him instantly. The buggy had not got far on the track, but it was overturned and broken, and Mr. Sykes thrown out at a *distance of seventy-five feet* from the spot. When taken up, it was found that one of his arms was broken in two places, and that he was otherwise injured. It was not known, whether he was internally hurt or not, by the shock. It will be remembered that Mr. Bush of this town, met with a similar, though less serious, accident at this same crossing, a few months since. The track is there hidden from the view of those travelling the common road, by a high embankment, covered with trees and bushes. The engineer says the bell was rung on this occasion, as usual, but it probably was not noticed by Mr. Sykes.—*Rep.*

CAPITAL TRIAL.—Leander Thompson and Benjamin Pratt were tried before the Supreme Court, in this town, last week, for setting fire to the house of Ithiel Cummings in Douglass, in the night time, in March last. The jury could not agree as to Pratt; but found a verdict of guilty vs. Thompson; and on Friday the Chief Justice, in an impressive manner, sentenced him to be hung.

The facts in the case were stated in the newspapers of the day, and are probably fresh in the recollection of all who feel any particular interest in the case. Some three years ago, Thompson and Cummings had a difficulty, which the former could not forget: but had often declared should one day be avenged. His vengeance has been satisfied at the expense of his own life. Thompson is a young man, under thirty years of age, and has a wife and three children. Pratt was with him when the fire was set: but to what degree he was implicated in the guilty transaction, does not yet appear. He will of course have another trial.—*Hfor. Palladium.*

MORE OF THE ATLANTIC.—We heard this morning of a most touching incident which occurred on board the Atlantic after she had struck on the reef, which does equal honor to the hearts and feelings of both parties concerned. A young lad about fourteen years of age, who was returning from the eastward, and who was unable to make any successful efforts for self preservation on account of being a cripple, was seen by Mr. Allen, pilot of the boat, to hesitate about jumping overboard, although he had thrown off his coat and prepared himself for the leap, at the suggestion of some of the other passengers.—As soon as Mr. Allen saw him, he called to him and lifted him up on to the wheel house, where he (Allen) was standing, and clasping him in his arms jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching the shore in safety. As soon as the poor boy got breath, looking with tearful eyes into the face of his preserver, he exclaimed in a voice which came from the bottom of his heart, "Oh! if I were rich what present would I not give you."

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.—I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seem to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, tho' he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.—*Horne.*

Unexpected Fun.—Fun is never so good as when it comes *unsought*. Happening in at a coarse looking shop, where all looked and smelt of business, we saw a starring picture of *two* donkeys, with the following quotation from Shakespeare:—

"When shall we three meet again!"

This is one of the practical jokes at which the subject could not fail to laugh, as well as the by-standers.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE ANGUISH OF BEREAVEMENT.—When little Jacob Walton was informed that he alone of all his family had escaped from the wreck of the Atlantic, he turned to Mr. Gould, who had saved so many, and exclaimed in substance—"Oh! take me back and throw me into the sea! Oh!—let me drown with my parents and brothers and sisters!"

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The catalogue for the current year shows a total of 247 undergraduates and 50 medical students. Of the former, there are 48 seniors, 53 juniors, 47 sophomores, 48 freshmen and 1 partial of course.

He is unfit and unworthy to rule over men, who is unwilling that God should rule over him.

A Valuable Testimony.

We like, at all times, to give credit when credit is due, and if at the same time we can relieve the distressed, we are doubly gratified; we, therefore, give the following voluntary testimony as to the beneficial effects of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, by the editor of the Columbia South Carolinian, who appears to have obtained great relief from its use. Old Dominion, Portsmouth, Va.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

We seldom resort to patent medicines, having a great respect for the skill of the medical profession, but chance threw into our way the above named medicine, immediately after the close of the late session of the Legislature, when our lungs were almost dried up by the highly rarified atmosphere of our stove warmed State House. The Balsam immediately relieved us of a most harrassing cough, which threatened our health in a serious degree.—We feel that we are indebted to it for some fifteen pounds of animal weight—which addition being once FELT, cannot be forgotten.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

Dorchester, Mass., June 15.

Dr. F. Brown:—

Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to be able to bear testimony to the valuable properties of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. You probably remember the situation I was in when I commenced using them by the advice of my friends; the suffering which I have borne for a long time from the effects of a most terrible humor is almost indescribable; it covered my chest and arms, breaking out at times in quite large sores. Medicine after medicine did I try, without the least relief, and I gave up ever expecting to be cured; but at last I was persuaded to make use of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters; but I must say I commenced with great reluctance, thinking it would eventually fail to relieve me, as all other medicines had done.—But how happily have I been disappointed! It has entirely cured me. Nothing that I do affords me more pleasure than recommending your Bitters to persons similarly afflicted, and I do most earnestly recommend all to try them before they give up, supposing there is no relief. I now value them so highly I keep them in the house, and use them in my family, as I consider them the best, pleasantest, and most thorough medicine now in use, removing all impurities, carrying off all bile, without weakening the system, or being obliged to change your diet.

After showing this to any one, if they are not perfectly satisfied, ask them to call on me, and I will explain my case more fully, which it will afford me great pleasure to do. Yours respectfully,

DANIEL PLUMMER.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

☞ We clip the following notice of a most valuable medicine from the Evening Mirror, and publish it for the benefit of our readers, believing that we cannot devote a space in our columns more to their advantage:

We have before us testimonials of the highest character establishing the fact of the extraordinary healing properties this Liniment possesses, and therefore we can recommend its use with confidence. Where "suffering humanity" can obtain relief by ceatain means, it is right and proper, and an act of mercy indeed, to let the public know that such means are attainable, and we feel assured that in this instance, we are, in doing so, securing for ourselves the gratitude of those who may be induced to try the effects of Hunt's Liniment from our recommendation. It is sold at Rushton's and Sand's stores in Broadway, and will be found at those of the most respectable druggists in the city.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

MARRIAGES.

In Belchertown, Nov. 26, Mr L. Goodale, of Amherst, to Miss Eliza Ward, of Belchertown.

Eliza has spent 20 years of her life
Without knowing the pleasures attending a wife;
And now, Miss Eliza, you have put on the fetter,
I pray you will enjoy Life a *Good-ale* better.

DEATHS.

In Springfield, Dec. 2d, Francis Edward, only child of Stephen and Eliza Grover, aged 5 mynthf.

In Albany, N. Y. Nov. 28th, Mr. Daniel J. Holt, son of the late Elijah Holt, of Richmond, Va., aged 23.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators of G. A Polk, late of Palmer, in the County of Hampden, deceased; and have taken upon ourselves that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of the deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to us.

C. C. SHAW.
N. L. POLK.

Palmer, Dec. 1st, 1846. 49-2t.

To Let.

A DWELLING-HOUSE, Blacksmith Shop and tools, situated in the South-east part of Palmer, on the road leading from Palmer to Brimfield, 3 miles from Palmer Depot, all in good repair.

For farther partiulars enquire of

JOHN FENTON.

Palmer, Dec. 16, 1846. 49-tf.

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as *represented as to quality and price*, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY

Depot Store.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 23, 1846. 38-3m

N. H. Down's
Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

DR. A. G. WHITE,

—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.

(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)

Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Watches.

BRING on those WATCHES and have them put in good repair. Remember that for the few cents you will pay for the work you will receive a hundred per cent. in consequence of having a good time-keeper. Remember also, that *time* is money, therefore do not delay. Shop nearly opposite the Bank.

L. BABCOCK.

Ware Village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41-2m

A. BLODGETT,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. G. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,

Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR.—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer.

Your obedient serv't.

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 93 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

$1.500.

WANTED to obtain a loan of fifteen hundred dollars, payable in equal sums from one to seven or ten years, or the whole amount payable in seven years. The gentleman wishing the money is of industrious, temperate habits; and will furnish ample security on unincumbered Real Estate, eligibly located in the eastern part of the County, and of the estimated value of considerable more than twice the amount of the desired loan.

For further particulars enquire of C. TORREY.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19, 1846. tf

JOHN ANTHONY, JR.,
Fashionable Hair Dresser
AND BARBER.

TAKES this opportunity to announce to the inhabitants of Palmer Depot and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in McGilvray's Building, next door to Mechanics' Hall, where he will be happy to wait upon all those, who may favor him with their patronage.

N. B. In connection with the above, J. A. Jr. keeps constantly on hand Confectionary, Nuts, Fruit, &c., &c. 45tf

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19th, 1846.

Removal!

THE subscriber has removed to more spacious rooms in McGILVRAY'S BLOCK, where he will continue to manufacture Gents'

GARMENTS

of all descriptions, in the latest and most becoming styles.

In returning my sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage which has been bestowed on me, since my commencement in this village, I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

J. D. BARBER.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43

NEW GOODS!

A LARGE and splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, to be found at the

NEW YORK CHEAP STORE,

on the *north side* of the railroad, at prices that cannot fail to suit the purchaser. All who are in want will do well to call before buying.

Also, a large lot of Boots and Shoes—the cheapest in town. 42tf CHARLES SMITH.

Coffins.

THE undersigned since his commencement of business in this village, has frequently been under the necessity of working by night and upon the Sabbath, in order to make coffins, and to have them ready in due season for those who were intending to remove their deceased friends to their family or other burying grounds. He would therefore announce to the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he is now making and will keep constantly on hand a good supply of ready made coffins, of all sizes and descriptions, such as Cherry, Whitewood, Mahogany, &c., for the convenience of all those who may need. LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

Thorndike village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies, and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced at one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor.

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, diles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, improper and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sash & Blind

SHOP, AT PALMER DEPOT!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he will furnish Sash and Blinds of all kinds, made of

Pine, Cherry, Black Walnut,

and MAHOGANY, at short notice, if not on hand.

N. B.—All orders sent by mail or left with Mr William C. Childs, at the Depot, will be strictly attended to, and warranted to be made as well as they can be made at any other shop in the County, and at prices as low.

Please call and examine our work before purchasing elsewhere and satisfy yourselves.

N. W. PRIME.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43-3t

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guaranteed!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammations of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent*. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-6 cts per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain and permanent*.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guaranteed.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. It takes according to the directions *a cure for life is guaranteed*.

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained at agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

HENRY A. BROWN,

Blank Book Manufacturer,

AND GENERAL JOB

Book Binder,

Corner Main and State Sts.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Public Offices, Railroad and Manufacturing Cos., Merchants and others, wishing superior Paper ruled and bound to pattern, or as ordered, we should be happy to have give us a trial. Sheet Music, Reprints, Periodicals, Pamphlets, &c., bound in every variety of style. Orders gratefully received, and perfect satisfaction guarantied. 48

John J. Hall,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer, and the adjoining towns, that he has opened a

NEW SHOE SHOP,

in Mechanic's Hall, where he will keep constantly on hand, a good supply of work manufactured from the best of materials, among which are—Gents' fine French, and American Calf Boots, made from the best of stock, and by the most experienced workmen. All orders promptly attended to, and repairing done at short notice.

N. B. I wish to be understood that I shall do a Cash business, and shall, therefore, keep no Book Accounts.

Palmer Depot. 43-3m.

Now is the time for Ladies and Gentlemen to supply themselves with Furs beautiful Muffs, Otter and other Caps, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

POETRY.

The Wreck of the Atlantic.

Wild was the wind—the waves ran high—
No beacon star shone from the sky,
Nor moonlight's cheering ray;
Upon that dreadful night,
As struggling with the tempest's might,
Rocked by the billows fearfully—
The noble steamer lay!
Her home was on the waters wide;
Full oft she braved the raging tide,
And once again, in all her pride,
She sought her onward way.
But once again? ah! never more,
With all the precious freight she bore,
On her oft-tried yet pathless track
Will that ill fated boat come back?
For fiercer, louder rose the gale,
And many a hope-flushed cheek grew pale—
And manhood's voice, and woman's wail
Floated upon the wind;
And many contrite souls were there,
And many an earnest, fervent prayer,
From hearts subdued, resigned.
That fearful night was o'er at last!
Oh, with what feelings was it passed!
And 'neath the morning sun
That smil'd upon the treacherous wave—
Destined, alas! to be her grave,
She drifted, drifted on!
No human arm could stay her course—
No might oppose the tempest's force
But thine—Almighty Power!
Oh God! 'twas not thy sov'reign will
To bid the angry sea "be still!"
In that tempestuous hour.
Borne in the hollow of thy hand,
The wind and waves are thy command—
Thy stern decree, O righteous Lord!
Sent these dread messengers abroad,
And bade the tempest lower.
A long, long day: another night!
No bright hope cheered the straining sight.
And when the darkness closed around,
Nought save the wild waves' booming sound,
Clearing her decks with mighty bound,
In that dread hour was heard!
Pale lips were mov'd in silent prayer—
Nor shrieks of wo, nor wild despair,
Went upward through the midnight air,
Nor voice, nor spoken word.
Onward, through boiling surges borne,
She nears the rocks! she strikes! she's gone!
Oh! hour of agony!
That once proud vessel now a wreck—
A hundred brave forms on her deck—
Men strong of nerve and stout of heart,
Had gathered there to die!
Some who had passed a weary life,
Toiling with busy, ceaseless strife,
For honor or for gain;
Call'd suddenly from life to part,
Honor and wealth were vain.
And some whose birthright was the sea—
Ever their wild delight to be
"Borne onward, like its bubbles" free;
They braved its terrors manfully!
And some who at their country's call
Mid cannon's roar and rattling ball,
Would in the hour of battle fall,
And meet death fearlessly!
And some were holy men of prayer—
And loving hearts were parted there—
And gentle forms that ever weep
At the wild terrors of the deep,
Found on that night their silent graves
Beneath the ever-restless waves.
Not all were lost! for o'er the sea
In that last hour of agony,
Jesus! thine arm was stretch'd to save
In mercy from a watery grave.
Blest be each prayer of grateful love
Wafted to thy high throne above
From those who humbly knelt to pay
Thanksgiving on that sacred day.
That stotely bark was all a wreck—
But far above her shattered deck,
A-swinging to and fro—
A solemn bell with mournful knell
Sent forth its notes of woe.
Erect and calm, amid the storm,
Stood on that deck a noble form,
That mov'd not—falter'd not!
With stern resolve he kept his post
Upon that fearful spot;
And then, when every hope was lost,
Amid its ruins, tempest toss'd—
That manly breast was hush'd to sleep
By the rude rockings of the deep.
And still upon that mighty wreck,
And high above its wave-washed deck,
A-swinging to and fro—
The solemn bell with mournful knell,
Sends forth its notes of wo!
No fitter dirge for him or them,
Than that solemn requiem.
"Roll on, thou deep, dark ocean, roll!"
Vain is the boast of man's control—
A conqueror, thou! and thousands rest
Beneath thy mighty heaving breast.
Roll on, thou deep, dark ocean, roll,
Till Heaven is gathered like a scroll:
But yet not thine, the immortal soul—
Thou shalt give up thy dead, O sea!
To him who rules eternity.

New London, Nov. 25th 1846.

From the Saturday Rambler.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1 5 10, is a pointed instrument.
My 2 7 5 4, is an earthern vessel.
My 3 2 7 8 12, is a hard wood.
My 4 7 8 11 6 12, is an adverb.
My 5 3 4 10, should be upon every farm.
My 6 1 5, governs all mankind.
My 7 5 10, is a large bird.
My 8 11 1 4, is the name of an editor.
My 9 7 8 9, is a musical instrument.
My 10 3 9, is a part of a man's body.
My 11 1 9 6 3, is a bird of prey.
My 12 11 4 10 7 5 is a color.
My whole is a subscriber for the Saturday Rambler.

Riddle.

My body is thin, I've no bowels within,
I have neither head, face, nor eye;
A tail I possess, four feet and no less,
And without any wings I can fly.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Work for December.

Blow, Blow! ye wintry winds, and bid the farmer ward off your force.

Winter has come, cold, cold winter.—The sun has lost its power. The north wind rules on land and stormy ocean.—Come mariners! away; and tempt no more the treacherods deep, while Boreas holds the reins.

Frosty winter — welcome to youth whose warm blood quickens with approach of leisure—of holidays on skates, sleds and rackets. The time may come when you will hail, with heartiest pleasure the returning sun, and bid warm weather welcome. When your frosty heads will cower, and retreat before the elements that mock old age.

The first care of the farmer when winter comes, is his live stock that looks up to him alone for sustenance. They are dumb and need his special care. They suffer more from neglect at this season than in March, for their forage is entirely changed in a day, and dry food is substituted for sweet pastures.

The round turnips that you have carefully stored should now be freely parcelled out. They gain nothing by keeping, and they are liable to be spoiled by frost.—They will never be more serviceable to your young stock than in the month of December. Feed out freely now and you shorten their winter—there time of dry fodder.

Cows in milk, and fatting oxen need roots. Cows may have turnips and carrots and beets. Too many turnips may injure their milk. But one peck each day given with regularity to a cow, has injured no milk that we have ever tasted.

The old horse will care but little for your turnip feed. But carrots he will not forget after he has been once introduced to them. Carrots give old dobbin a glossy coat and a nimble gait, without engendering gout, or breaking out his grinders in munching. Feed pretty full in these cold days and you will need the less in March.

If the rye and oats and wheat and barley are not all threshed they should be, for fear of rats and mice and dirty hens. The only apology that can be offered for deferring this business to December, is the want of labor arising from improvements on the farm. We have had so much good out door weather since the grain harvest, that we have hardly had time look into the grain scaffolds.

Wood should be hauled in the winter season, and December is usually the best month for this business. January and February are more windy months, and the snows are piled up too deep for good *sledding*.

Country schools should be constantly attended in winter while the funds hold out. Parents and guardians, see that young people lose not a day's attendance on your district schools. One indulgence leads to another; and certificates in excuse are only a plague to the master.

An order to have *your* boy dismissed half an hour before the school closes, creates as much and more confusion in a large school than tardiness in the morning. Don't perplex a faithful schoolmaster by interfering with your special legislation. General laws are more equal, and the rules of the school must be established by him who presides over it.

If the master proves a tyrant, as some masters will, let him be punished by the regular tribunals. He must be made to know, if he knows not, that he has not absolute power to do as he pleases with his charge. If he punishes unreasonably, he is himself liable to punishment.

A full knowledge of this truth will not weaken the authority of a reasonable master; and children cannot be made more unruly by a knowledge that the master cannot play the tyrant with impunity.—*Ploughman.*

Best time to apply Paint.

It has long been a subject of inquiry, as to the best time to apply paint to the clapboards of houses for durability. Repeated experiments have been made, within 25 years past, which have resulted in the conviction that paint applied between November and March, will stand more than twice as long as that which is spread in the warmest weather. The reason is obvious, for in cold weather the oil, and component parts of the paint form a hard substance on the surface of the clapboard, nearly as hard as glass, and not easily erased, or even cut with a sharp knife, and will not soon wear off; whereas paint applied in the months of July and August—more especially if in a severe drought, the oil penetrates into the wood like water into a sponge, and leaves the lead nearly dry, which will soon crumble off.

Milch Cows.

As your pastures are now bare provide your milch cows with proper quantities of wholesome and nutricious food. Barn them at night, taking care to give them plenty to eat—a little at a time, but often. Salt them twice a week, and occasionally give them a mixture of equal quantities of lime and salt to lick. Feed your sheep with turnips, for they will do them more good now then at any other time.

GOOD NEWS TO

Purchasers!!

AT PALMER DEPOT.

BEING aware that the readers of most of the newspapers at the present day, are called upon by merchants to notice particularly something they have to say about their MERCHANDIZE WAREROOMS, their great facilities for purchasing and selling goods, their very superior advantages over others in the same kind of business; and believing that the misrepresentations made by many have excited suspicions with the greater part of the candid members of the community, that all is not gold that shines, and that all is not true that is said; the subscriber wishes to inform the people of this section of the country of some things that may prove mutually beneficial, and I shall consider myself responsible for all assertions, so if they are untrue, I trust my customers and those who favor me with a call will report favorably, or adverse as the conclusion they may arrive at will dictate after an examination. I have just made an addition to my store of 48 feet in length, which makes the whole Block to be occupied for the Mercantile business 88 feet long, and the greater part of it 40 feet wide. The 1st apartment to be filled with

HARD-WARE,

Iron and Steel, Nails, Carpenters' Tools, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye Woods, Window Glass, and such other articles in this line of business as are usually wanted. The next will be devoted to the

W. I. GOODS,

Flour, Lime, Salt, Pork, Lard and Tea business. The 3d room contains probably as large if not the largest assortment, and as desirable a stock of European and Domestic Goods as ever offered in the county, consisting of nearly every thing in the way of

DRESS GOODS,

Cloakings, Shawls, Silks, White Goods, Laces, Muslins, Damask Goods, Prints, Patches, Tickings, Sheetings, Bleached & Brown; Burlaps, Hosiery, Hdkfs., Scarfs, Fringes, Satchels, Shoes, Umbrellas, and in connection are the small but important articles which the reader is aware are kept in an establishment like the present one. My extensive quantity of Cloths for Gentlemen, Boys' and Children's wear, is, as a matter of course, worthy the attention of all, as they have mostly been purchased at the depreciated prices and are extremely low,—among them are splendid over Coatings, Tweeds, fine Eng., French and American Cloths, for Dress Coats, coarser grades for common wear, Satinets in great variety of styles and qualities, Vestings, Cassimeres, and trimmings to go with the cloths if desired.

Garments made to order in Style and with Despatch.

My CROCKERY,

CARPET

and Glass Ware addition to the before named Goods is truly attractive. The view and examination of which will undoubtedly satisfy the most incredulous that it is no fiction, to state I can sell beautiful

CHINA TEA SETTS,

with all things to match, together with all other Ware at as low a price as the same goods can be bought at retail, at any Crockery store in the Union.

Mirrors

in Gilt and Mahogany Frames, of a variety of sizes, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices. Glass Ware in any quantity desired, such as Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, in many shapes, Sauce and Cup Plates, Salts, Castors, Tumblers, Solar and common Lamps, Candelabras, Girondoles, Glass Candlesticks, Lanterns all sizes, and an assortment of Toys and Fancy articles. In the same room are CARPETINGS from the lowest to the best grades, which will be sold extremely low; Rugs of various sizes and prices; Wool & Cotton Bockings, Oil Cloths, Stair Carpets and Rods, &c. My stock of FEATHERS will suit all classes of purchasers, being made of best Live Geese down to common Hen's Feathees. In addition to the previously mentioned articles I keep, are the seasonably and desirable things wanted which would properly come under the head of MISCELLANEOUS,—Buff Robes, Fur Skins, Muffs, Winter Gloves, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Hats, Caps, Horse Blankets, and many articles besides which can be understood easier than expressed.

I have in the foregoing given an idea of my establishment, and would now ask the *favor* of the purchasing community to call and examine and see if these things are so, and hope that our treatment in every respect to those who call will be perfectly satisfactory. I have thus far had many customers from quite a distance, and trust I shall have an increase for time to come, as my inducements at present are greater than previously, and I will assure that portion of my trade, that their most sanguine anticipations shall not be disappointed. I know that my situation in business is as favorable for my customers and myself, as any other person's. I will briefly give my reasons. In the 1st place I intend to purchase as low as possible, in large quantities. My means for getting Goods to my Store incurs as little expense as almost any Store from Boston to Albany. My assortment is as great as that of any store on the Western Railroad, if not in the county. My rents are very light compared with those in Spaingfield or Worcester, or any large place. My outgoes for Clerks for the business I do, is much less than those of concerns where they deal in but one kind of goods. And lastly, I do not intend to give over 3 months credit, making my business principally cash and exchange. To my former customers, I tender my thanks for past patronage and influence, and hope they will continue to favor me so long as I merit their favor.

D. F. McGILVRAY.
Palmer, Depot Store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.
Palmer Depot, Sept. 28, 1846. 38-3m

N. H. Down's
Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

Sash & Blind SHOP, AT PALMER DEPOT!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he will furnish Sash and Blinds of all kinds, made of

Pine, Cherry, Black Walnut,

and MAHOGANY, at short notice, if not on hand.

N. B.—All orders sent by mail or left with Mr William C. Childs, at the Depot, will be strictly attended to, and warranted to be made as well as they can be made at any other shop in the County, and at prices as low.

Please call and examine our work before purchasing elsewhere and satisfy yourselves.

N. W. PRIME.
Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43-3t

DR. A. G. WHITE,

—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.
(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)
Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as represented as to quality and price, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY
Depot Store.

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.
Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, fest that I could not much longer bame the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by CONSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of CONSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, dries from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.
Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846, 36

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivaled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. It taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guaranteed.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 1y

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians—as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

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